

JEKYL ISLAND, HAVEN OF REST FOR THE RICH



The Maurice cottage.



The Pulitzer cottage.

It is expected that the winter colony at Jekyll Island, off Brunswick, Ga., will be larger than usual this season. Under normal circumstances many persons of leisure would now be making plans for their customary trips to the Riviera and other winter resorts in Europe, but the war has turned them to Georgia, Florida and California. Jekyll Island will feel the effect of this change, but only in a limited degree, for it is absolutely controlled by a club and one characteristic of the winter colony is its exclusiveness. The island is the winter home of some very rich people.

The island is about seven miles long by two miles wide. It contains many beautiful homes. There are preserves on which deer, English pheasants and other game abound. In the waters off Brunswick are yachts that are luxury materialized.

Soon Jekyll Island will be thronged, in fact the first members of the colony are already arriving. Commodore F. G. Bourne, who is president of the Jekyll Island Club, which controls the stretch of green sea land, reached Brunswick recently, and that meant that the season on the island had begun. Commodore Bourne came from New York in his yacht Alberta, which was named and owned by Albert King of the Belgians. With him came Edwin Gould, who has a winter home on the island.

In a little while C. S. Maurice of Athens, Pa., and his family will start for Brunswick. Mr. Maurice has passed the cold months there for twenty-five years.

R. T. Crane, Jr. of Chicago has just bought the Ferguson cottage and refitted and refurnished it. He has acquired the property of Mrs. Frederick Baker and will start in a short while to build a handsome cottage on the site of the Baker home, which was destroyed by fire.

William Rockefeller of New York owns the Gordon McKay cottage, which he had remodelled at considerable cost. While it isn't certain that he will spend the winter at Jekyll Island, it is probable that he will do so.

H. K. Porter of Washington, D. C., is to winter there. Mrs. F. H. Goodyear of Buffalo makes Brunswick her second home. George H. Macy of New York brings his family each year to Georgia.

J. J. Albright of Buffalo has just bought the cottage of the late Joseph Pulitzer, which is one of the handsomest on the island and will remain a resident of Georgia till spring.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, goes to Brunswick every winter in his yacht. Eugene Delano of New York will be the guest of Mr. Vail this year.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, accompanied

by her children, will take up her residence at Jekyll Island before the holidays. Mrs. James J. Hill with her family will be an early arrival.

Charles Lanier of Albany, N. Y., will be one of the first to reach Brunswick. Others to follow soon afterward are Mrs. John S. Kennedy, James S. Scrymgeour of New York, Robert C. Pruyn of Albany, C. K. G. Billings, who travels in his million dollar yacht Vanadis, and Gen. Edmund Hayes.

All are attracted by the subtropical charm of Jekyll Island, its beautiful boulevards and its ideal climate. Years ago, with the formation of a club of wealthy men to control it, Jekyll Island began to take the character of a luxurious winter home. Since then the club has been so perfected that this strip of green has come to rival the Mediterranean resorts in its attractions.

Houses that contain every arrangement for comfort dot the island. Game preserves have been established. It is said that the deer hunting there cannot be equaled and that the fishing is unsurpassed. The golf links are described as the nearest approach in America to the links of Scotland.

Since the organization of the Jekyll Island Club in the '80s it has entertained many men of prominence. Leading figures in the Republican party have often been guests there. President and Mrs. McKinley and Vice-President Hobart were entertained there in 1899 at the cottage of Mrs. Frederick Baker. Last year the Pujio money trust investigating committee of Congress went to Jekyll Island to interrogate William Rockefeller, but postponed his examination because of his ill health. While the committee was at Jekyll Island the members were guests of the club.

Just to the south of Jekyll Island lies Cumberland Island, on which is the home of Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie. Her estate, Dunegness, has been called the handsomest winter home in the South. Mrs. Carnegie owns nearly the entire island, which is twenty-two miles long and four miles wide. She has given each of her children a separate estate on the island and has built for each a winter home.

Plum Orchard is the home of George Carnegie, whose wife, formerly Miss Margaret Thaw, sister of Harry Thaw, has just arrived on the island from Pittsburgh to spend the winter. She was met at Fernandina by the Carnegie yacht Nancy and carried to Dunegness.

Another son, William Carnegie, is owner of the Stafford place, which in a short time he will occupy. Grayfield, a third estate, is the property of Mrs. Ricketson, a daughter of Mrs. Carnegie. In a short time Andrew Carnegie is expected to arrive at Cumberland.

Exclusive Winter Colony Off Brunswick, Ga., Expected to Be Thronged This Year Because of European War—Many Beautiful Homes

"Well?" demanded Griswold; his tone was hoarse and heavy with meaning. "Well what?" asked Aline pleasantly.

"How," demanded Griswold, "do you like Charles Cochran for an architect?" "How should I know?" asked Aline.

"I've not met him yet!" She had said it! And she had said it without the waver of one of her lovely eyelashes. No wonder the public already hailed her as a finished actress!

Griswold felt that his worst fears were justified. She had lied to him. And as he knew she had never before lied to him, that now she did so proved beyond hope of doubt that the reason for it was vital, imperative and compelling. But of his suspicions Griswold gave no sign. He would not at once expose her.

He had trapped her, but as yet she must not know that. He would wait until he had still further entangled her—until she could not escape; and then, with complete proof of her deceit, he would confront and overwhelm her.

With this amiable purpose in mind he called early the next morning upon Post & Constant and asked to see Mr. Cochran. He wished, he said, to consult him about the new house. Post had not yet reached the office, and of Griswold's visit with Post to his house Cochran was still ignorant. He received Griswold most courteously. He felt that the man who was loved by the girl he had also long and hopelessly worshipped was deserving of the highest consideration.

Griswold was less magnanimous. When he found his rival—for as such he beheld him—was of charming manners and gallant appearance he considered that fact an additional injury; but he concealed his resentment, for he was going to trap Cochran too.

He found the architect at work leaning over a drawing board, and as they talked Cochran continued to stand. He was in his shirt-sleeves, which were rolled to his shoulders, and the breadth of those shoulders and the muscles of his sunburned arms were much in evidence. Griswold considered it a vulgar exhibition.

For over ten minutes they talked solely of the proposed house, but once did Griswold expose the fact that he had seen any more of it than any one might see from the public road. When he rose to take his leave he said:

"How would it do if I motored out Sunday and showed your house to Miss Proctor? Sunday is the only day she has off, and if it would not inconvenience you—"

The tender heart of Cochran leaped in wild tumult; he could not conceal his delight, nor did he attempt to do so, and his expression made it entirely unnecessary for him to assure Griswold that such a visit would be entirely welcome and that they might count on finding him at home. As though it were an afterthought Griswold halted at the door and said:

"I believe you are already acquainted with Miss Proctor."

Cochran, conscious of five years of devotion, found that he was blushing, and longed to strangle himself. Nor was the blush lost upon Griswold.

"I'm sorry," said Cochran, "but I've not had that honor. On the stage, of course—"

He shrugged the broad shoulders deprecatingly, as though to suggest that not to know Miss Proctor as an artist argued oneself unknown.

Griswold pretended to be puzzled. As

though endeavoring to recall a past conversation he frowned.

"But Aline," he said, "told me she had met you—met you at Bar Harbor." In the fatal photographs the familiar hand of Bar Harbor had been easily recognized.

The young architect shook his head. "It must be another Cochran," he suggested. "I have never been in Bar Harbor."

With the evidence of the photographs before him this last statement was a verdict of guilty, and Griswold, not with the idea of giving Cochran a last chance to be honest, but to cause him to dig the pit still deeper, continued to lead him on. "Maybe she meant York Harbor?"

Again Cochran shook his head and laughed. "Believe me," he said, "if I'd ever met Miss Proctor anywhere I wouldn't forget it!"

Ten minutes later Griswold was talking to Aline over the telephone. He intended to force matters. He would show Aline she could neither trifle with nor deceive Chester Griswold; but the thought that he had been deceived was not what most hurt him. What hurt him was to think that Aline had preferred a man who looked like an advertisement for ready-made clothes and who worked in his shirt-sleeves.

Griswold took it for granted that any woman would be glad to marry him. So many had been willing to do so that he was convinced, when one of them was not, it was not because there was anything wrong with him, but because the girl herself lacked taste and perception.

That the others had been in any degree moved by his many millions had never suggested itself. He was convinced each had loved him for himself alone; and if Aline, after meeting him, would still consider any one else it

"I ought to be horsewhipped!" roared Cochran. "I'll never forgive myself! Who," he demanded, "saw the pictures? Was it a man or a woman?"

Post laughed unhappily. "It was Chester Griswold."

A remarkable chance came over Cochran. Instead of sobering him, as Post supposed it would, the information made him even more angry—only now his anger was transferred from himself to Griswold.

"The blankety-blank blunder!" yelled Cochran. "That was what he wanted! That's why he came here!" "Here?" demanded Post.

"Not an hour ago," cried Cochran. "He asked me about Bar Harbor. He saw those pictures were taken at Bar Harbor!"

"I think," said Post soothingly, "he'd a right to ask questions. There were so many pictures, and they were very—well—very!"

"I'd have answered his questions," roared Cochran, "if he'd asked them like a man, but he came snooping down here to spy on me. He tried to trick me. He insulted me! He insulted her!"

He emitted a howl of dismay. "And I told him I'd never been to Bar Harbor—that I'd never met Aline Proctor!"

Cochran seized his coat and hat. He shouted to one of the office boys to telephone the garage for his car.

"What are you—where are you going?" demanded Post.

"I'm going home first," cried Cochran. "To put those pictures in a safe, as I should have done three months ago. And then I'm going to find Chester Griswold and tell him he's an ass and a puppy!"

"If you do that," protested Post, "you're likely to lose us a very valuable client."

In the passage-way a frightened maid servant who at his unexpected arrival was now even more frightened, dashed to give him an explanation, but he waved her into silence and striding before her entered his bedroom.

He found confronting him a tall and beautiful young woman. It was not the Aline Proctor he knew. It was not the beauty he had seen gliding among the tables at Sherry's or throwing smiles over the footlights. This Aline Proctor was a very indignant young person, with flashing eyes, tossing head and stamping foot. Extended from her at

arm's length she held a photograph of herself in a heavy silver frame, and, as though it were a weapon, she was brandishing it in the face of Chester Griswold. As Cochran in amazement halted in the doorway she was exclaiming:

"I told you I didn't know Charles Cochran! I tell you so now! If you can't believe me—"

Out of the corner of her flashing eye the angry lady caught sight of Cochran in the doorway. She turned upon the intruder as though she meant forcibly to eject him.

"Who are you?" she demanded. Her manner and tone seemed to add: "And what the deuce are you doing here?"

Charles answered her tone. "I am Charles Cochran," he said. "I live here. This is my house!"

These words had no other effect upon Miss Proctor than to switch her indignation down another track. She now turned upon Charles.

"Then, if this is your house," cried that angry young person, "why have you filled it with photographs of me that belong to some one else?"

Charles saw that his hour had come. His sin had found him out. He felt that to prevaricate would be only stupid.

Griswold had tried devious methods—and look where his devious methods had dumped him! Griswold certainly was in wrong. Charles quickly determined to adopt a course directly opposite. Griswold had shown an utter lack of confidence in Aline. Charles decided that he would give her his entire confidence, would throw himself upon the mercy of the court.

"I have those photographs in my house, Miss Proctor," he said, "because I have admired you a long time. They were more like you than those I could buy. Having them here has helped me a lot, and it hasn't done you any harm. You know very well you have anonymous admirers all over this country. I'm only one of them. If I have offended I am offended with many, many thousands."

"But these pictures," she protested, "I gave to a man I knew. You have no right to them. They are not at all the sort of picture I would give to an utter stranger!"

With anxiety the lovely lady paused for a reply. She hoped that the reply the tall young man with appealing eyes would make would be such as to make it possible for her to forgive him.

He was not given time to reply. With a mocking snort Griswold interrupted. Aline and Charles had entirely forgotten him.

"An utter stranger!" mimicked Griswold. "Oh, yes; he's an utter stranger! You're pretty good actors, both of you, but you can't keep that up long, and you'd better stop it now."

"Stop what?" asked Miss Proctor. "Stop pretending!" cried Griswold. "I won't have it!"

"I don't understand," said Miss Proctor. She spoke in the same cold voice, only now it had dropped several degrees nearer freezing. "I don't think you understand yourself. You won't have what?"

Griswold now was frightened, and that made him reckless. Instead of withdrawing he plunged deeper.

"I won't have you two pretending you don't know each other," he blurted. "I won't stand being fooled! If you're going to deceive me before we're married, what will you do after we're married?"

Charles emitted a howl. It was made up of disgust, amazement and rage. Fiercely he turned upon Miss Proctor. "Let me have him!" he begged.

"Not!" almost shouted Miss Proctor. Her tone was no longer cold—it was volcanic. Her eyes, flashing beautifully, were fixed upon Griswold. She made a gesture as though to sweep Charles out of the room.

"Please go," she demanded. "This does not concern you."

Her tone was one not likely to be disregarded. Charles disregarded it.

"It does concern me," he said briskly. "Nobody can insult a woman in my house—your least of all!"

He turned upon the greatest catch in America, "Griswold," he said, "I never met this lady until I came into this room; but I know her, I understand her, value her better than you'd understand her if you knew her a thousand years."

Griswold allowed him to go no further. "I know this much," he roared. "She was in love with the man who took those photographs and that man was in love with her! And you're that man!"

"What if I am?" roared back Charles. "Men always have loved her; men always will—because she's a fine, big, wonderful woman! You can't see that, and you never will. You insulted her! Now I'll give you time to apologize for that and then I'll order you out of this house! And if Miss Proctor is the sort of girl I think she is she'll order you out of it too!"

Both men swung toward Miss Proctor. Her eyes were now smiling ex-

actly. She first turned then upon Charles, blushing most becomingly. "Miss Proctor," she said, "hope she is the sort of girl Mr. Cochran thinks she is." She then turned upon the greatest catch in America. "You needn't wait, Chester," she said, "not even to apologize."

Chester Griswold, alone in his car, was driven back to New York. On the way he invented a story to explain why at the eleventh hour he had left Aline Proctor; but when his thoughts reverted to the young man he had seen working with his sleeves rolled up, he decided it would be safer to let Miss Proctor tell of the broken engagement in her own way.

Charles would not consent to drive his fair guest back to New York, and she had first honored him with her presence at luncheon. It was served for two on his veranda under the climbing honeysuckles. During the luncheon he told her all.

Miss Proctor, in the light of his five years of devotion, magnanimously forgave him.

"Such a pretty house!" she exclaimed as they drove away from it. "When Griswold selected it for our honeymoon he showed his first appreciation of what I really like."

"It is still at your service!" said Charles.

Miss Proctor's eyes smiled with a strange light, but she did not speak. It was a happy ride; but when Charles left her at the door of her apartment house he regarded sadly and with regret the bundle of retrieved photographs that she carried away.

"What is it?" she asked kindly. "I'm thinking of going back to those empty games?" said Charles, and blushed deeply. Miss Proctor blushed also. With delighted and guilty eyes she hastily scanned the photographs. Snatching one from the collection she gave it to him and then ran up the steps.

In the light of the spring sunset the eyes of Charles devoured the photograph of which, at last, he was the rightful owner. On it was written: "As long as this rock lasts!"

As Charles walked to his car his expression was distinctly thoughtful.

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EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS

Continued from Fourth Page.

I have cared for, if I can remember them, but I certainly do not intend to tell you the name of any man who cared for me enough to ask me to marry him. That's his secret, not mine—certainly not yours."

Griswold thought he was very proud. He really was very vain, and as jealousy is only vanity in its nastiest development he was extremely jealous. So he persisted.

"Will you do this?" he demanded. "If I ever ask you, 'Is that one of the men you cared for?' will you tell me?"

"If you wish it," said Aline, "but I can't see any health in it. It will only make you uncomfortable. So long as you know I have given you the greatest and truest love I am capable of why should you concern yourself with my mistakes?"

"So that I can avoid meeting what you call your mistakes," said Griswold—"and being friendly with them?"

"I assure you," laughed Aline, "it wouldn't hurt you a bit to be as friendly with them as they'd let you. Maybe they weren't as proud of their families as you are, but they made up for that by being a darned sight kinder to me!"

Later, undismayed by her and unashamed, on two occasions Griswold actually did demand of Aline if a genial youth she had just greeted joyfully was one of "those for whom she once had cared."

And Aline had replied promptly and truthfully that he was. But in the case of Charles Cochran Griswold did not ask Aline if he was one of those for whom she once had cared. He considered the affair with Cochran so serious that in regard to that man he adopted a different course.

In digging rivals out of the past his jealousy had made him indefatigable, but in all his researches he never had heard the name of Charles Cochran. That fact and the added circumstance that Aline herself never had mentioned the man was in his eyes so suspicious as to be almost a damning evidence of

deception. And he argued that if in the past Aline had deceived him, to Charles Cochran she would continue to do so. Accordingly instead of asking her frankly for the truth he proceeded to lay traps for it. And if there is one thing truth cannot abide it is being hunted by traps.

That evening Aline and he were invited to a supper in her honor, and as he drove her from the theatre to the home of their hostess he told her of his search earlier in the day.

The electric light in the limousine showed Aline's face as clearly as though it were held in a spotlight, and as he prepared his trap Griswold regarded her jealously.

"Post tells me," he said, "he has the very man you want for your architect. He's sure you'll find him most understanding and—very sympathetic. He's a young man who is just coming to the front, and he's very popular, especially with women."

"What's his being popular with women?" asked Aline, "got to do with his carrying out my ideas of a home?"

"That's just it," said Griswold. "It's the woman who generally has the most to say as to how her house shall be built, and this man understands women. I have reasons for believing he will certainly understand you!"

"If he understands me well enough to give me all the linen closets I want," said Aline, "he will be perfectly satisfactory."

Before delivering his blow Griswold



Jasmine road.

rolled to his shoulders, and the breadth of those shoulders and the muscles of his sunburned arms were much in evidence. Griswold considered it a vulgar exhibition.

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